

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
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OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10. No. 7. 1st September, 1937.





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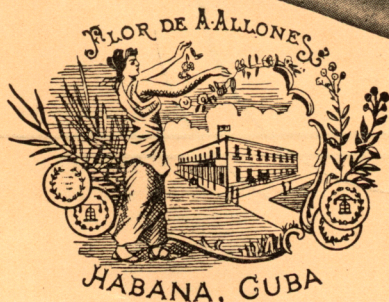
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SYDNEY  
Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney*

Vol. 10

SEPTEMBER 1.

No. 7.

Chairman:

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Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

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On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th September, 1937.



# The Club Man's Diary

September completes the first decade of our official residence in this club—a term which has had its vicissitudes for all of us, as the personnel of the club, and in our private fortunes. But we can now look back and smile at the shadow, and look forward with confidence along the track of the sun.

When the club was established in these premises the Committee was comprised of: Messrs. James Barnes (Chairman), W. A. Parker (Treasurer), T. Hannan, A. C. Ingham, M. J. Kinnane, George Marlow, S. J. Monie, J. H. O'Dea, J. A. Roles, and F. G. Underwood (Committee).

All are happily still with us, with the exception of Messrs. Kinnane and Hannan.

Messrs. Marlow, O'Dea, Roles and Underwood are on the present committee.

\* \* \*

Of course, the principal race at this club's Randwick meeting on September 11, will be the Chelmsford Stakes, which claims among its winners and place-getters some of Australia's mightiest horses. Through the Chelmsford, in 1918, Gloaming leapt sensationally to fame, probably unforeseen at the time, for, as a maiden performer, he carried the minimum weight of 6st. 10lbs.

Four years later, Gloaming ran second to Beauford, the horse which was to engage him later in what was really a series of match races—and in which, incidentally, the New Zealander proved the better, or, rather, the more enduring. It's a matter of opinion.

That peerless thoroughbred, Heroic—do you recall his Chelmsford win in 1924? He ran the race in record time for the event, and it still stands as such, as well as

being the best time for that distance at Randwick.

Incidentally, the record for Australia and New Zealand stands to the credit of Fuji San—half a second faster than Heroic's time. This, Fuji San put up at Brisbane, in June, 1926, carrying the colours of Mr. Joe Matthews.

Limerick's Chelmsford record is greatest of all—victories in 1926-27-28—while Rogilla's is also notable—wins in 1933 and 1934, and a third in 1935.

The mighty Phar Lap ran second to Mollison in 1929, but won in 1930, beating Night March, who had finished first in the Melbourne Cup of 1929.

Windbag's Chelmsford win in 1925 was followed up by his notable Melbourne Cup victory in the same year, after a gruelling duel with Manfred. The thought of the party in Sydney on the night of Windbag's triumph is apt to set my head spinning more than a decade later—probably the largest hang-over in sporting history.

\* \* \*

Many happy returns in September to:—Mr. George T. Rowe, Secretary of the A.J.C., 3rd; Mr. S. E. Chatterton, Treasurer of this club, 17th; Mr. Albert Peel, 19th; Mr. Charles Graves, 20th; Mr. W. Longworth and Mr. Percy Pilcher, 26th; Mr. T. M. Fitzsimons (captain of Manly Golf Club), Mr. E. A. Nettlefold, 28th; Mr. A. L. Brown, 30th.

An extra good wish to Mr. Stan. Chatterton, as his anniversary and mine fall on the same day of the month.

P.S.: On reflection, perhaps "fall" is the wrong word, seeing that a birthday happens only once a year. What about "coincident"? Or contemporaneous"? Perfectly all right, if Stan. will undertake the pronun-

ciation at a given hour, to be agreed on mutually.

\* \* \*

Probably next to the racing game, it would be easiest in this club to raise a discussion on football, and the Rugby Union game at that; for most of the enthusiasts are now in the veteran class—that is to say, they played in the days before Rugby League entered the field.

The visit of the Springboks stimulated interest, and it was surprising how many recalled the season when Tom Pauling's father came across with the New Zealand XV. of 1897. Then, the great N.Z. team of 1903, which Charlie Hall, an old Glebe player, regarded as "the greatest of all"—an opinion shared by this writer.

Some considered Mr. A. S. B. ("Wakka") Walker as having been the greatest half-back of his day, and one of the greatest ever—and wished that he had been at his international height when the Springboks were here. Well, we all have so many games allotted and no more. Time. Some have played a major part; others a minor role. All we share equally are our memories.

\* \* \*

Tattersall's Club provided the winner and the runner-up in the N.S.W. Amateur Billiards Championship—Messrs. W. Longworth and Hans Robertson, respectively. Here was a remarkable case in which, among members of this club, either victory would have been equally popular. We trust now that Mr. Longworth goes on to win the Australian honours.

A coincidence is that in the past each billiardist was a swimmer of championship class.

Even at this stage, what a trio Messrs. Longworth, Carberry and Robertson would make in an inter-club relay race!



You may call up a music hall song of the long ago which had a swing to its chorus and claimed: "Sure, God must love the Irish for, faith, they niver grow ould."

That song might well have been written about Mr. Tom Hannan. Time never corroded his wit. Its spontaneity sparkled up to the time of his death on August 23. As a personality he was in a class by himself. There was not another cut to the same human pattern, nor had in its warp and woof such gracious texture.

He had the racial trait of "demanding to be heard," because he felt so intensely the things that touched others but superficially. There was an emotional side to his nature, but in crises he was steady and logical. Out of those qualities came wisdom and tolerance and understanding, tinged with whimsicality, which last named made his presence on directorates—as on the committee of this club—more piquant.

When he was entertained by fellow members, in 1934, on the occasion of his being honoured by life membership, Mr. W. H. Whiddon recalled meetings of the committee: "It has been said that Tom put his hand down—he put his foot down, too."

Still, it was all well intended. There was no harm in Tom Han-



*Mr. Tom Hannan.*

nan. He simply liked coming to the point. That was his way, and everybody understood him.

Mr. Hannan was managing director of T. Hannan Ltd., and on the directorates of E. A. Ireland & Co. Ltd. and Moorefield and Menangle Clubs, as well as of Stadiums Ltd.

He dipped deeply into his pocket for charity, and was associated with the Lewisham Hospital, St. Martha's Home (Leichhardt) and Mount St. Margaret's Hospital (Ryde).

His colours were carried on the turf by Lager, Lady Denman, Beck's Lager, Vodka, All Wheat and Winawin.

All in all, there was no finer sportsman, no truer friend than Tom Hannan.

\* \* \*

"He always sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, the down-trodden; and with loyal heart, and with the purest hands, he discharged faithfully all his public trusts and obligations."

Those fine words, spoken by the Town Clerk of Sydney (Mr. Roy Hendy), a final tribute to the late Mr. S. H. Solomon in the Crematorium Chapel at Rookwood, found a tender echo in the hearts of members of this club. They served to soften the shock we all suffered at the loss of a friend in word, and a friend in deed—not your friend or

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my friend in particular; everybody's friend.

"He lost his only son in the Great War," Mr. Hendy continued. "It was a blow so great that even his dearest friends could only imagine, because he suffered in silence, and carried on as a distinguished citizen, cloaking his own feelings to comfort the bereaved mother."

"Next to his family, he loved his city, and served it for 53 years, 31 years as City Treasurer."

And this was the tribute of one who, since boyhood, had known Sam Solomon, the man and the official. He passed as he had lived, peacefully.

\* \* \*

Another gap in our ranks was caused, about the same time, by the death of Mr. F. A. (Fred.) Marks, than whom there was not a more popular figure in the city business world or in sporting circles. He had been a member of this club since 1926, and we had learnt to know him well and to appreciate his kindly, tolerant disposition. When a good deed was to be done, Fred. Marks never failed. And nobody ever heard him complain.

Dr. Aubrey C. Crawley, who died on July 26, left a monument of enduring memory in the hearts of the poor and the needy. Many felt better in soul as well as in body from his ministrations. He had a tender streak in his make-up, and life's cruelties and crudities were foreign to his fine nature. He had been a member of this club since 1927.

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert Hill, who died on August 9, was one of the best known members of Sydney Stock Exchange, of which he had been a member since 1913. He was a gifted and trusted man, inspired by a high standard of ethics in all his dealings. He had become a member of this club in 1928.

\* \* \*

When you become established in the "S. M. Herald," newspapermen have a saying that you're set for life. But there are exceptions to the golden rule. Hedley Ward's decision to resign from the role of principal turf writer is a rare case in point. But the bait was tempting—an offer from the South African Jockey Club to become its advisory steward. Our friend Hed-

ley accepted, and departed with the good wishes of all members of Tattersall's Club and his newspaper pals.

A tribute to his popularity was evidenced in a cocktail party given in his honour by the Committee of this Club, when he was presented with a travelling rug. One thing is certain, we will have a good friend in the land of the Springboks.

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## Rural Members

*Mr. Jim Carr ("Binda" Station, Goulburn).*

Immediately one mentions the name of Jim Carr, of "Binda" Station, there comes to mind one of the most genial personalities in the Goulburn district. A genuine sportsman to his very finger tips, Jim is a member of one of the oldest families in the Crookwell-Goulburn district, and his success in pastoral interests is known far and wide.

Owner of the famous prad "Prittle Prattle," who figured prominently in the last Epsom, and won the A.J.C. Final Handicap at Easter, Jim is proud of his string of horses, including "Red Sails."

He takes horse breeding very seriously, and many champions have come from his property, "Kingsdale" (Goulburn).

Besides his keen interest in

horses and horse racing, Jim has produced some very fine sheep, and his wool clip for the year is outstanding for the district.

In passing, let it be added that Jim's interest in sport is purely for the enjoyment he can get out of it, and if his steeds do not win, his worries are very minute, provided there has been a good clean race with the better horse winning.

*Mr. H. M. Boucher (Boorowa).*

Known all over the South for his willingness to oblige at any time and place, H. M. Boucher, Stock and Station Agent, of Boorowa. Affectionately called "Laddie" by his host of friends throughout the district, this popular member has only one hobby—his business. Nothing is too much trouble for "Laddie,"

and his one worry on brief visits to the city is to be sure that he is in ready touch with all who may need him back home.

Many years younger than the average Stock and Station Agent, "H.M.B." has had the satisfaction of seeing his business go ahead with such leaps and bounds that now he is the proud possessor of one of the finest agencies anywhere in the South.

Keenly interested in Picnic Races, from the social point of view, and blessed with a remarkable knowledge of country affairs, "Laddie" is a welcome addition to any meeting of this nature.

It does not matter of whom the question might be asked, the answer will invariably come back—"One of the best!"



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# Thoughts about Thinking

To try and do one's own thinking is sometimes hard work. It takes time, some leisure and quiet concentration to think out things, and it is only a man's own thinking which really means anything. Was not that man a deep thinker who said that most of the evil in the world comes from the inability of men to sit quiet in a room?

And when one comes to think of it, are we not always attracted by men whose views, even if often unorthodox, and possibly erroneous, reflect clearly the qualities of hard and constructive thinking on human systems and the great game of organising life and society to its best advantage?

Is it not true that the great thing about real education is that it compels a man, even against his will, to be perfectly honest with his own mind, never imagining or persuading himself that he understands or can express adequately what he has only half thought out? Do any of us think enough of all those achievements of modern life which we could now hardly do without? Commerce, now an intricate problem of science and finance, arises out of the simple needs of mankind for food, shelter, clothing, light and warmth. It seems simple when so stated, but do we sufficiently reflect on the thought and organisation involved in giving, say, the population of Sydney and its suburbs daily sustenance in the way of food and drink? For example, do we think out ourselves some of the ordinary problems of our modern civilisation, such as the steps by which the world's cotton and wool goes to clothe the Australian and other nations, the steps whereby wheat and meat and fruit reaches our dining tables, the steps which make us sailors of the Seven Seas and the upper airs, which carry our messages—and now even our voices—over continents and oceans, and which enable us in Sydney to hear a Service in Westminster Abbey. Verily, wireless has brought home the wonderful significance of Kipling's line: "The Abbey makes us we."

Or, diving into deeper subjects, do we ever try sufficiently to get at the bedrock facts of such a problem set us by the reflection that nine-tenths of the habitable world is under white domination, that out of every seven people which belong to the British Empire, six of them are black or coloured, and that we now have the spectacle of white people ruling a world that is not white, and that at a time when there is a great development of race consciousness taking place among the black and coloured nations amid circumstances in Asia and Africa which, to say the least, are alarming?

One fancies that it would be well if we endeavoured to understand by thinking them out as logically as possible, not only the simple things we do, and the ordinary happenings of every-day life around us, but their implications, which may have consequences outside the original reckoning. It would do us no harm if we examined a little more closely and as free as possible of the common distractions of our politics and our prejudices various facts in commerce and industry which get less attention than strikes or other sensational happenings.

The fact is, with most of us, we talk and write, filtering our words, often of necessity, through a second-hand knowledge derived from other people's books and other people's sayings before us. Certainly it is easier to float with the stream than swim against it. Playing up to their readers' prepossessions and prejudices makes for greater popularity, quicker and larger sales, and newspapers and authors have to make a living! Popularity, in the modern newspaper sense, is based largely on how you chime in with such prepossessions and prejudices. Discover a strong current of public opinion, a wise or foolish one, no matter. Swim with it, and you are on your way to a mammoth circulation, with resultant profits from the advertisement columns. The natural result

of this sort of thing is that the majority of newspaper readers go through life without question, content to burn incense to the business ideal of a large income, to share in what physical happiness comes their way. They accept the beliefs of others and harbour the prejudices of their neighbours. They bow before current opinions, however mistaken and fallacious, and do not care to oppose popular causes. Is it not true that a lazy acquiescence marks the mental attitude of the majority of us?



## FIXTURE LIST

1937.

**September 16th** — New South Wales Golf Club, Stroke Handicap, "A. C. Ingham Cup."

**October 28th** — Concord Golf Club, Stroke Handicap, Club Championship.

**November 25th** — Manly Golf Club, Stroke Handicap, Captain's Trophy.



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# Over the Tasman

## New Zealand's Prosperity is Round the Corner

Those who crave for a life on the ocean wave can have the Tasman Sea for a playground.

Recently I had occasion to hurry to New Zealand and back again, and found that capricious expanse of water in its most varying mood. One week-end, going southward, it had the smoothness of a Sydney Harbour excursion, but the homeward journey had but one consoling thought, every beat of the screws—when they were submerged—took the ship nearer home and Sydney. This being the nineteenth Tasman crossing, with none of the amenities usually connected with that number, the uppermost wish was for a speedy development of the air services. Even a trip through the stratosphere has no terrors.

Incidentally, New Zealand was found to be becoming air-minded, although its distances are insignificant with those of Australia. The recently inaugurated air services have in reality brought the far south of the South Island more than a day nearer Australia.

There is only one catch in the programme for those landing at Wellington. The capital city of New Zealand lacks an adequate airport. Territorially it is next to impossible, and some of Wellington's zephyrs make the landing and taking off of air liners more hazardous than is commensurate with the popularising of commercial flying. Accordingly, the air-liners miss Wellington, and land at Blenheim, the closest aerodrome in the north of the South Island. Passengers from Wellington are ferried across the straits in small machines.

As time-savers with the maximum of comfort, the de Havilland 86's are proving a success. Travellers for the South Island arriving by the Sydney steamer can be in their own homes, even if they are in the farthest south, on the day of their arrival. Otherwise, they would not finish their journey until late the next day if they travel by steamer and train.

There was abundant evidence of a boom in racing across the Tasman.

Increased Government expenditure has made available a flood of money much of which has been diverted to the totalisator. The result has been an all-round increase in prize-money, for in the Dominion racing clubs depend on their share from the totalisator rather than gate money as a main source of revenue. There were complaints concerning the high level of taxation, which is common the world over. There was some idea that the best horses would stay at home, their owners being attracted by the increased prize-money. It is noticed, however, that there will be a full quota of New Zealanders on hand for Randwick, Caulfield and Flemington.

New Zealanders are particularly proud of their horses, and do not fail to point out their continued success on Australian courses. They resented, however, a suggestion that quite an appreciable percentage of New Zealand products have proved duds in Australia, but, like old soldiers, they simply have faded away, and no attention has been drawn to them.

It was believed that with the advent of a Labour Government in New Zealand the legalisation of bookmakers would be part of its programme. The Government, however, has run true to form, and has shelved gaming legislation entirely as so much political dynamite. Votes have to be considered, and there is a very decided anti-racing section of public opinion in the Dominion. In the best-informed circles, therefore, it is believed that there will be little or no change in racing matters, although some interference by the Government with its administration is expected. As the Racing Conference in its election of delegates and conduct of business is framed on democratic principles, or government by the majority, it is difficult to understand why a Labour Government would wish to interfere. The only possible explanation is that the aim is Government control of everything.

Although legally there are no bookmakers in New Zealand, that

careful country has its starting-price problems. A large section of the public bet at totalisator odds with the local bookmakers or their agents. This has developed enormously since the advent of the 40-hour week, free Saturdays and increased wages and salaries. One of the leading bookmakers said that his business had increased enormously. He had many more agents in his employ, and the older-standing ones were bringing in a remarkable volume of business. Not only were more people betting at tote odds, but their wagers had increased, and in addition there were more double bettors. Bookmakers have a double chart on practically every race day in New Zealand. Strange as it may seem, it is possible to back a double to win two or three thousand pounds at even a small meeting. The commission has to spread around, but it can be done, and the prices, although apparently not over generous, work out favourably for punters. It is not uncommon to see two winners whose totalisator dividends are approximately 6 to 4, shown on the lists as a 20 to 1 combination.

The advent of each-way betting on many of the courses has also increased the amount of money held by the bookmakers. Until a year or so ago totalisators were operated on a 75-25 basis, and a single investment at tote odds brought a return if the horse concerned finished first or second. With totalisators being operated win and place, starting-price or tote odds bettors were more or less obliged to double their wagers. Whereas £1 would have done as a first or second choice, a £1 each way was necessary under the new scheme. At least, that is how it has worked out. Bettors have not divided their original £1 to 10s. each way, but have doubled their outlay.

At present there is little sign of some of the regular travellers of some seasons ago tripping off to Sydney. F. D. Jones has some useful horses, but no Limerick, nor has A. McAuley another Nightmarch.

*(Continued on Page 20.)*



# Brief History of the Doncaster St. Leger

On Wednesday, September 8, the race for the St. Leger will be run at Doncaster, England, and a brief history of the race which was to become second in importance to the Derby may be of interest to readers of Tattersall's Magazine.

Whether there is another county in England wherein one finds such a whole-souled devotion to sport as the most casual observer must needs find in Yorkshire, is a matter of opinion; but in every branch of sport the Yorkshireman is a devotee. But the grand passion, a passion born in him, is for the horse. It is no exaggeration to say that more is thought and said of horses and horse-racing in Yorkshire than is said or thought of any other subject, and whoever possesses any doubts on the matter may easily satisfy them by using his eyes and ears when wandering through the cities and towns of the county. The native of the broad-acred shire, whether he be a villager or townsman, a peer or a peasant, has in him from his earliest moments a passion for anything that appertains to horseflesh.

When did horse-racing begin in the county of broad acres? Mr. Richardson, in his monograph of the English turf, speaks of racing being held in the East Riding several hundred years ago. Orton, the author of "Turf Annals of York and Doncaster," puts forward two claims in his preface—one, that horse-racing began at York itself; the other, that the county has done more than any other for the encouragement of breeding. "To the county of York, the capital of which chronicles her sports the earliest of any place on record, the British turf," he says, "has perhaps been more indebted for the superior breed and present perfection of the high-mettled racer than any other portion of the kingdom."

(By A. Knight "Muskett")

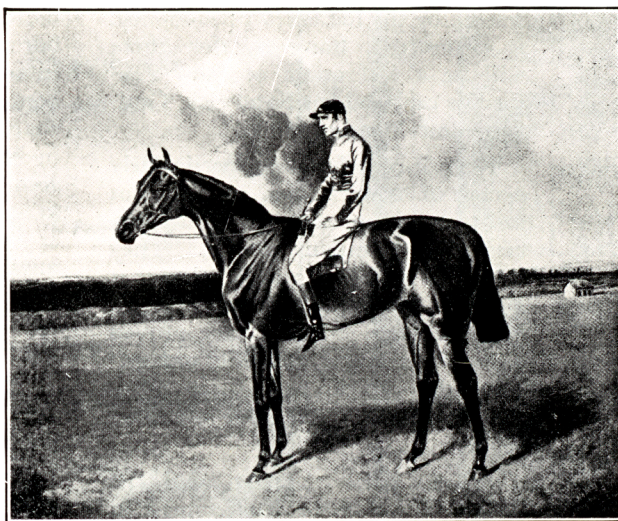
*First St. Leger Won by a Filly.*

Though the St. Leger dates from 1776, the first two races were for a sweepstake of 25 guineas each, for three-year-olds; colts to carry 8st. and fillies 7.12. The first race was won by a filly named Alabaculla, the second place was filled by another filly named Trusty, who raced as

1786-7-8 with Paragon, Spadille and Young Flora respectively; with Tartar in 1792, with Petronius and Ash-ton in 1808-9, and with William in 1814. Three other owners have won it four times, namely, Mr. Watt, the Hon. E. Petre, and Mr. Good-riche, two of the last-named's horses running in other nominations. One of the Hon. E. Petre's winners was a bay colt named Theodore, the win-

ner of 1822. This race was discussed for many a year, because the winner was a lame horse whose chance of success appeared to be absolutely nil. He had a considerable turn of speed, but was so unsound and so lame when he was brought out for the St. Leger that his owner sold all his book and all his chances on him to Mr. Mills for £200—a transaction which resulted in the speculator pocketing several thousands of pounds. (It should be explained that in those days a colt could be backed for either the Derby or the St. Leger from the time he was a yearling.) The circumstances attending Theo-

dore's starting at all were, indeed, almost farcical. Bets of the most extravagant kind were made. One person laid 1,000 guineas to a crown piece against him, another £1,000 to a walking stick, and any sort of odds might have been obtained for the asking. To add to the ludicrous quality of the affair, the jockey, John Jackson, on receiving his orders to ride Mr. Petre's colt, actually burst into tears, and exclaimed: "What! Ride such a cripple as that?" However, he did ride him, and faithfully stuck to his orders, which were to bring Theodore away at his best pace and to keep him going at it; and this he did by striking his spurs into the animal's flanks as soon as the flag fell, and getting away with a clear



ORMONDE (Fred. Archer up).

the property of Mr. St. Leger. After the running of the second of these sweepstakes in 1777, a dinner was held at night, and it was then that the great race received its name. The Marquis of Rockingham then proposed that the classic should be called the St. Leger, in honour of Lieut.-General Anthony St. Leger, one of the prominent sportsmen of the time, and who was responsible for the founding of the race. One may be quite certain that neither he nor those who were associated with him had any idea of the vast importance which was afterwards to be attached to the race.

The most successful owner of St. Leger winners was Lord (afterwards Duke of) Hamilton, who won in



lead which he never lost, ultimately winning by four lengths.

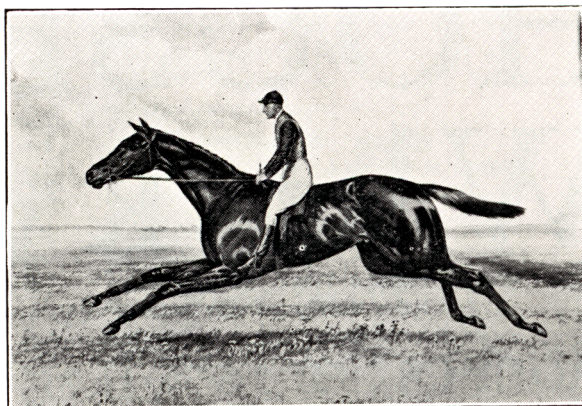
The jockey with the best record in the race is William Scott, who scored nine times, the first in 1821 and the last in 1846. John Jackson comes next with eight wins, and third place is shared by B. Smith and Fred. Archer, with six each. Scott was born at Chippenham in 1793, and was introduced to the saddle at a very early age, and was riding continuously from 1814 to 1847, his last mount being on his own colt, Christopher, in the Derby of that year. Besides riding nine St. Leger winners, he won the Derby four times, the Oaks thrice, and the Two Thousand Guineas an equal number. It was said of him that he was without a rival in the art of getting all that was to be got out of a sluggish horse. Around him and his brother John, perfect goldmines of turf memories circle, and it is more than probable that no more popular jockey than "Glorious Bill" will ever receive the plaudits of a north country crowd.

#### *Isinglass a Great St. Leger Winner*

Opinions regarding the best horse to win the St. Leger will always differ. For instance, the mighty Ormonde, one of the Triple Crown heroes, retired unbeaten after competing in 16 races, and that superlative performance earned him the title of "the horse of the century." That he was a truly great horse admits of no doubt, but whether he was good at all distances does admit of doubt, for, with the exception of the St. Leger, where he was meeting horses of his own age, he never started in a race beyond a mile and a half. This fact leads one to imagine that, great horse as he was, his stamina was questionable, otherwise he would have been started in the Ascot Gold Cup, the true test of a stayer, when he was racing at four years of age.

My choice as the greatest of all St. Leger winners—that is, for stamina, constitution and courage, as well

as speed—is Isinglass, who raced through four seasons for one defeat, and earned the immense sum of £57,285, which stood as a record until a few years ago. Besides being a Triple Crown hero, Isinglass won the Ascot Gold Cup and other long distance races. It was in his last race as a three-year-old that Isinglass met his only defeat. He was sent to Manchester after winning the St. Leger in order, it was thought, to "pick up" the rich Lancashire Plate. He had, however, to concede 10 lb. to one of his own age in Raeburn, who beat him by half a length. Had there been a pacemaker the result would have been different, for there was one thing that Isinglass detested, and that was making his own running.



PERSIMMON (J. Watts riding).

#### *Persimmon's Place on the Scroll of Fame.*

Another really great St. Leger winner was Persimmon, who also won the Derby, but did not start in the Two Thousand Guineas. Though he won those classics at three years, his trainer, the late Richard Marsh, considered that Persimmon was far better at four years than earlier in his career. In referring to his preparation for the Ascot Gold Cup, Marsh stated he was getting better and better, and always splendid to look upon. He had grown into a magnificent creature. He was always in a big mould, as it were, but as a three-year-old he was far from being furnished as his big frame needed to be. Age did this for him, and Marsh doubted whether good

judges of a thoroughbred had ever looked upon a finer sight than Persimmon presented when his clothes were removed in the paddock prior to going out to put up one of the most electrifying performances ever seen on the part of a Gold Cup winner.

Captain Machell had an opponent to Persimmon in the Gold Cup named Winkfield's Pride, who that year had won the Lincolnshire Handicap and the previous autumn had been successful in the Cambridge-shire. "While Persimmon was walking round to stretch his legs," said Marsh, "I noticed Captain Machell there with four or five friends. 'Come,' he said, 'I will show you Winkfield's Pride. Tell me what you think of him.' I had already noted that he was a beautiful little horse and looked extraordinarily well. 'Now,' said the Captain, 'what do you think of your opponent of to-morrow?' 'A very nice horse I'm sure he is—in his place!' They were furious at me. 'Well,' retorted Captain Machell, 'let me tell you this, he'll be in first place to-morrow. He's a smasher, and will jump off and never be headed.'

"I thought the best thing to do in the circumstances was to offer to bet them £100 that Persimmon would beat their horse. One of the party said he would make it £200, but on reflecting a moment, said that he would be able to get better odds to his money on the course. 'Anyhow,' said Captain Machell, 'I will have £100 with you, Marsh.' 'Done,' I said quietly, feeling that no easier money had ever come my way before. And, to wind up the argument, I remarked, 'The faster your horse goes, the further Persimmon will beat him.' Persimmon won by eight lengths!

"It was a wonderful show he gave in the race. The moment that he was allowed his liberty he shot out, as one writer asserted, 'like a newly-spined arrow.' For the last quarter of a mile he came in literally by himself to pass the post eight

(Continued on Page 20.)



ASK FOR IT !

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE  
Whisky

[ Highland Nectar ]

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision  
of the Commonwealth Customs

*The Quality Never Varies*



# Making Habits Work For You

(Condensed from "Psychology: Briefer Course"—William James)

"Habit a second nature? Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can appreciate as well as a veteran soldier. Daily drill and years of discipline make a man over in most of his conduct.

Habit is the flywheel of society, its most precious conserving agent. The great thing, then, is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. We must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against growing into ways that are disadvantageous as we guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their proper work. There is no more miserable person than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of deliberation. Half the time of such a man goes to deciding or regretting matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all.

In the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, there are four great maxims to remember: First, we must take care to launch ourselves with as strong an initiative as possible. Accumulate all possible circumstances which reinforce the right motives; make engagements incompatible with the old way; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

Second, never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. Each lapse is like letting fall a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind up again. Continuity of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right.

Success at the outset is imperative. Failure is apt to dampen the energy of all future attempts, whereas past successes nerve one to future vigour. Goethe says to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers: "Ach! You need only blow on your hands!" And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe's spirits of his own habitually successful career.

The question of tapering off in abandoning such habits as drink comes under this head, and is a question about which experts differ in individual cases. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, if there be a real possibility of carrying it out. We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to ensure its defeat at the outset; but provided one can stand it, a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like drinking, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work.

It is surprising how soon a desire will die if it be never fed.

"One must first learn to proceed firmly before one can begin to make oneself over again," writes Dr. Bahnsen. "He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without unbroken advance there is no such thing as accumulation of positive forces."

The third maxim is: Seize the first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make. It is not in the moment of their forming, but in

the moment of their producing motor effects that resolutions communicate the new 'set' to the brain. No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mills says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm, prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life.

A tendency to act becomes effectively ingrained in us only in proportion to the frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder the discharge of future resolutions and emotions. There is no more contemptible human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. The weeping of the Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Never should we suffer ourselves to have an emotion at a play, concert, or upon reading a book, without expressing it afterward in some active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place.

(Continued on Page 20.)



## POOL NOTES

Attendances at the Pool during the winter months gives cause for conjecture as to whether that delightful spot is more popular during the summer or cold months.

Though the Swimming Club is taking its usual short recess, the Pool is well patronised by swimmers, whilst the handballers and med. ball players are in great force in the Athletic Department.

As a short-cut to health the recommendation is the Third Floor; they come in jaded and all in, and go out full of ruddy health and energy. The only thing that makes us wonder is how the Department doesn't blow right out into Hyde Park with all the energy that is used there.

In about a month after the September issue of the magazine comes out, the Swimming Club will go into action again, and new members will be given a very hearty welcome.

Glancing over the records of the Swimming Club reveals how much it has become a real part of the Club's activities. It was formed in 1928 with a committee consisting of Messrs. W. W. Hill, F. J. Carberry, H. J. Robertson, C. O'Dea,

S. J. Carroll, L. Richards and J. Dexter, and started racing in that year.

There were times in that first season when it was difficult to get fields for the races, but enthusiasm has increased yearly until nowadays it is always a certainty that there will be at least four heats in every race.

Last season forty members participated in the races, which now take place on two days a week instead of the original one.

The amateur and sporting spirit is the guiding principle, as one trophy is given for a point score over every four races, and it really would not affect the enthusiasm of members if none were given at all.

So for a sporting interest of the best kind we would recommend our readers to increase the activities of the Swimming Club by joining up in October.

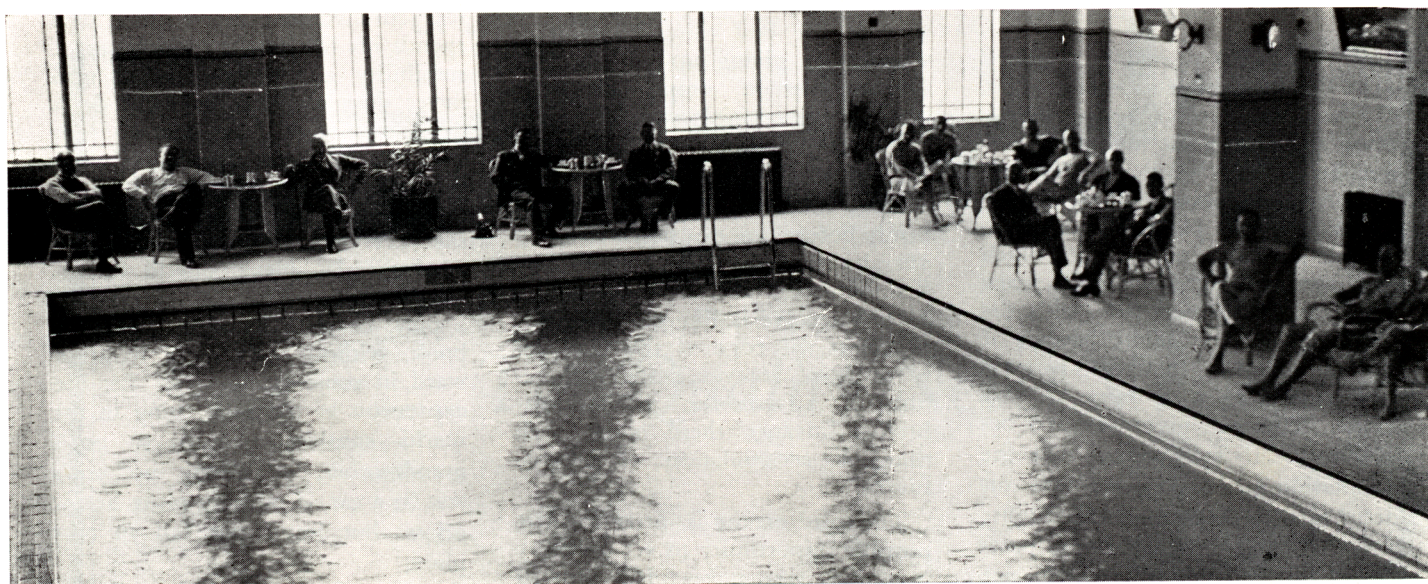
An extract from the Annual Report of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association: "Your Association takes this opportunity of recording its appreciation to Tattersall's Club, the Chairman, Mr. W.

W. Hill, and Secretary, Mr. T. T. Manning, for their unfailing help and courtesy during the past season."

"Messrs. Medica and Cady were accommodated at Tattersall's Club, and spoke very highly of the courtesy and kindness shown them by everyone concerned. We also express our appreciation for the use of the Pool for members who have been training during the winter months."

The Committee of Tattersall's Club has been good enough to allow six of the prominent Empire Games aspirants to train in the Pool during the winter, and already we have noted those two wonderfully promising juniors, Robin Biddulph and Bob Newbiggin, working out in great style. They should give good accounts of themselves against the invading hordes from overseas in February.

The Swimming Club offers congratulations to Bill Longworth, an ex-Australian swimming champion and record holder, on winning the N.S.W. Amateur Billiards Championship, and to one of their members in Hans Robertson, who gave Longworth a great go in the final.



*The Club Swimming Pool.*



# Bill Kendall's Wonder Swim

Record Smashing 220 yards in 2-11. Feature of Swimming Club's Successful Ball

Sensation of the Swimming Club's Annual Ball on Saturday, 21st August, was an astounding 220 yards swim by Australian Olympic swimmer, Bill Kendall, of 2 minutes 11 seconds, beating Frenchman, Jean Taris' Pool record of 2-18  $\frac{4}{5}$ , and being four seconds faster than Jack Medica's Australian record.

For years Australian swimmers have lagged behind the world at 220 yards, and it was only last season that Noel Ryan broke 2 minutes 20 seconds for the distance, while in America swims of 2-12 or so were fairly frequent.

Thus the opportunity of seeing a swim like that was not to be missed with the presence of Bill Kendall in Sydney on holiday from Harvard University, for it was well known by the experts that Bill was going well.

With his usual courtesy, the best Australian sprinter of all time agreed to create a bright spot on the Swimming Club's Pool Interlude at the Annual Ball by taking a shot at the Pool Record.

With only ten days' notice, Bill put in some good training with the result that those present on 21st August saw the most amazing 220 yards swim ever seen in Australia, one that augurs well for our young champion's prospects in international competition in years to come.

With his first 100 yards put behind in 54  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs., the announcement of which brought forth gasps of surprise from the spectators, Bill was cheered on over the last six laps, and when the time of 2-11 was given out, the club roof was in danger of being lifted right off with the deafening cheers.

An amazing swim for which the Swimming Club is deeply indebted to Bill!

With that to start the Pool Interlude off it was naturally a bigger success than ever. The Ladies' Nomination 200 Yards Handicap Teams Race was hotly contested, only touches separating the first three teams.

No. 2 Team, consisting of N.

Barrell, A. S. Block, C. Godhard, W. S. Edwards and V. Meek, won from No. 3, I. Stanford, J. Buckle, J. Dexter, F. Carberry and B. Hodgson, with No. 1 third, A. Pick, N. P. Murphy, C. D. Tarrant, J. Miller and V. Richards. A particularly good swim in this event was by Bruce Hodgson.

The other swimming item was a Musical Lifebuoys Event, the last two in being Norman Barrell and Vic. Richards, victory going to the latter.



Bill Kendall in the blazer presented to him by the Japanese swimmer, K. Sakagami. The Emperor of Japan had presented it to the Japanese star, and the gift to Kendall was a notable sporting gesture.

Mr. A. L. Brown, of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., was welcomed by the Club Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, and in a happy speech presented the replicas of the new Dewar Cup to the dead-heaters, Cuth. Godhard and George Goldie, who were loudly acclaimed for their victories.

Other prize-winners present to receive their trophies from Mr. Hill were I. Stanford, B. Hodgson, A. S. Block, and C. D. Tarrant. Mr. Hill also presented prizes to the ladies who nominated the winners of the Teams Race.

Taken all round, the ball was the most successful of the always popular Swimming Club balls yet held.

# Handball

*Shiverers' Club Badly Beat Tattersall's.*

Tattersall's handballers, after beating the Shiverers by 18 points in the first meeting, received a bad beating in the return match on the Domain Court.

It would appear that our ballers are not at their best on a Sunday morning.

Results of the match at Tattersall's Club on 27th July were:—W. A. Tebbutt (T.) v. G. McCoy (S.), 29-31; E. Davis (T.) v. P. J. Russell (S.), 31-17; A. S. Block (T.) v. Skeehy (S.), 31-21; N. E. Penfold (T.) v. W. Grey (S.), 30-31; G. S. Williams (T.) v. W. Morris (S.), 28-31. Tattersall's won by 149 points to 131.

The return match on 8th August at the Domain was a complete wash-out for Tattersall's, who lost every game, and only scored 81 points to 155. Results were:—G. McCoy (S.) v. E. Davis (T.), 31-21; P. J. Russell (S.) v. A. S. Block (T.), 31-9; J. Dreelin (S.) v. F. Lazarus (T.), 31-7; W. Morris (S.) v. G. S. Williams (T.), 31-20; W. Grey (S.) v. G. Goldie (T.), 31-24.

Eddie Davis continues his winning way in the club handicap, and at time of writing no one had been able to down him in 23 games.

The players' records follow:—W. Tebbutt (owes 10), 16 wins 3 losses; A. S. Block (owes 5), 20-6; E. Davis (owes 3), 23-0; P. J. Hennon (owes 3), 7-10; F. Lazarus (scr.), 10-10; E. S. Pratt (scr.), 16-6; G. S. Williams (scr.), 21-9; A. E. Rainbow (scr.), 15-3; N. E. Penfold (1), 6-9; E. T. Penfold (3), 19-8; L. Israel (4), 14-3; J. Buckle (4), 9-15; R. Pollard (5), 4-10; A. Pick (5), 11-13; G. Goldie (6), 17-10; C. Godhard (7), 3-11; T. A. J. Playfair (7), 4-6; J. Creer (7), 12-15; W. G. Buckle (8), 10-6; B. Hodgson (8), 4-5; I. Stanford (9), 27-3; E. Bergin (9), 3-14; E. Rein (10), 4-17; R. Hadley (10), 1-9; R. Wilson (12), 7-10; J. Patience (14), 6-14; W. S. Edwards (15), 14-9; N. Barrell (15) 7-17; N. P. Murphy (15), 2-7; A. E. Lawton (16), 9-10.





## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

### *September Race Meeting*

### RANDWICK RACECOURSE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1937.

#### Principal Events :

**THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP OF £500.**  
7 Furlongs.

**THE CHELMSFORD STAKES OF £1,000**  
(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances)  
1 Mile and 1 Furlong.

**THE SPRING HANDICAP OF £500.**  
1 Mile and a Quarter.

First Race — 1.30 p.m.



# Billiards and Snooker

As this issue of the magazine goes to press, eight players remain in the annual billiard tournament. They are Messrs. "Rose Bay" (owes 175), who is opposed to Dr. F. H. Genge (rec. 85); "G.J.W." (rec. 25), who will meet C. E. Hall (rec. 85); F. Vockler (rec. 40), who will try conclusions with J. H. Sears (rec. 65); and F. E. Headlam (rec. 50), who will try conclusions with Hans Robertson (owes 150). It is interesting to note that the State final for amateurs was contested between two members in the persons of W. "Billy" Longworth and Hans Robertson, with honours going to the first-named after a dour struggle.

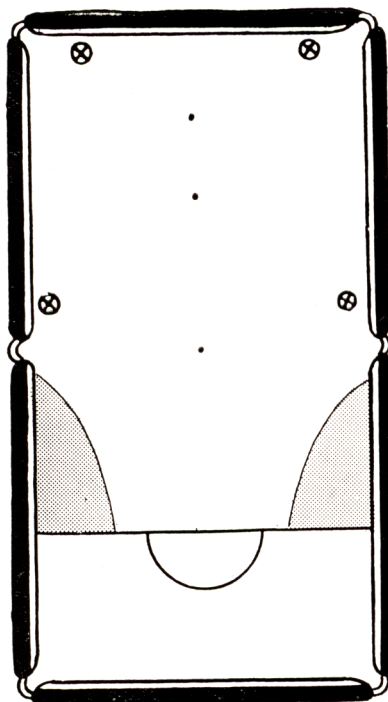
## SECOND ROUND.

The second round of the annual billiards tournament proved a snare and delusion to some members, although the results, in many cases, were in doubt right up to the point where the marker called "game".

J. B. Davies was unlucky to lose, considering he had reached 233 in a game of 250 up. Congratulations to the handicappers! J. A. Roles fell by the wayside under the onslaught of C. E. Hall, who, on the day, carried too many guns. The score board read 250-156 at the end.

Hans Robertson was too good to the extent of 250-148 opposed to J. C. Pooley, while F. Vockler had one

of those easy wins per medium of a forfeit from "Wellwood." Other games finalised were those between



Amateurs who desire to go for an "excursion" on the red ball can learn much from the diagram above. Champion George Gray, who astounded the world a few years back with his "All Red Route," declares that the opposing white should be dropped into one of the positions shown before attempting losing hazards. Actually, the white should be hard against the cushion. The reproduction has been made to emphasise the various safety spots.

F. E. Headlam versus L. Howarth, when the final scores were 250-218 in favour of the first-named, "Rose Bay" 250 v. L. Haigh, 187, and

"G.J.W." v. J. H. O'Dea, 224, and "J.D.P." fell before Dr. F. H. Genge, 250-173.

## THE THIRD ROUND.

The draw for the third round in the billiards section is as follows, and was timed to start on Monday, August 30:—"Rose Bay" (owes 175) v. Dr. Genge (rec. 85); "G.J.W." (rec. 25) v. C. E. Hall (rec. 85); F. Vockler (rec. 40) v. J. H. Sears (rec. 65); and F. E. Headlam (rec. 50) v. H. Robertson (owes 150).

## SNOOKER.

As with billiards, snooker players are now drawing near to the finalists. At time of going to press the following members have survived the ordeal, and will meet in the third round:—J. A. Roles (rec. 40) v. J. C. Pooley (rec. 45); J. B. Davis (rec. 35) v. E. O. Walcott (rec. 60) W. A. Scott (receive 35) v. H. Robertson (scr.); "Rose Bay" (rec. 5) v. I. Green (rec. 50); "G. J.W." (rec. 25) v. "J.D.P." (rec. 55); F. Vockler (rec. 15) v. C. E. Young (rec. 12); D. Lake (rec. 40) v. N. D. McNally (rec. 47); I. E. Stanford (rec. 35) v. L. Howarth (rec. 35). Some close games have been witnessed, and interest has been well maintained throughout. Next month a list of victors will be published, together with a description of the finals.

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The keen, hollow-ground Plum Razor gives a velvety-smooth, extra comfortable shave. The blade is perfectly tempered. All Plum Razors are fully guaranteed and kept in order for two years free of charge.

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# "It's the Follow Through that Counts"

## SWEEPING VERSUS HITTING

(By Macdonald Smith, "The World's Greatest Runner-up." He has twice been runner-up in the British Open and six times in the first four.)

The follow-through is the all-important thing in hitting a golf ball. Nearly all golfers have heard this sound advice, but few realise what this actually means. It simply means sweeping the ball off the tee.

To obtain this, one must keep the hands and arms somewhat in check until the club-head is permitted to do its work. The swing should be timed so that the club-head is travelling at its fastest just as it comes in contact with the ball.

If the club-head did not reach the maximum speed until after it had hit the ball it would be far better than if it had attained its greatest speed a foot or so before it had reached the ball.

A golfer requires to be constantly swinging a club in order to get into his head what rhythm means. This does not come naturally, but must be acquired.

Unfortunately, it is not easy to learn by swinging at a golf ball. We are too apt to start punching the ball rather than sweeping it away from the tee.

The club-head is swung, of course, on somewhat of a circular path—a sort of flat arc. It is just as if one tied a small weight on the end of a string and swung the weight in a circle. The weight will almost swing itself with just a little encouragement from the forefinger and the thumb.

Now, if we turn the body or shoulders a little, the arc flattens

out. The main thing to guard against is hitting too soon. This, strange as it may seem, is the most difficult problem that the golf instructor has to contend with.

The pupil's mind is set on hitting the ball. He takes the club back and then fires away at the ball, with the result that he permits his muscles to work too fast and the punch is applied too soon. By the time that the club-head reaches the ball, the main force and effort has been spent, and there is little left to speed the ball on the way.

To guard against this, one should not start the club down from the top of the swing with too much of an effort. Those big muscles should not get busy right at first. Wait for the proper moment. Otherwise the club-head will actually be slowing down at impact. If the shoulders and arms act too quickly it is almost certain that the body will follow suit.

When this happens, there can be no follow-through, because we would then be actually pushing the ball away from the tee instead of sweeping it. A fine pose with the club slung well round the back at the finish looks pretty, but it does not mean that the ball was hit properly.

Many players, and some supposedly experts, confuse the follow-through with the finish of the swing. They are entirely different. Sometimes we find that the golfer who finishes with the club out in

front, or pointing upwards, has made the longest follow-through.

Abe Mitchell is an example of this. Here is a powerful sweeper and a very long hitter, but rarely do we find him posed at the finish of the swing with the club well round the shoulder.

There are a great many golfers who are able to make a very fine practice swing and can knock the top off a daisy with neatness and dispatch, all done in perfect form and great rhythm, yet when they attempt to hit the golf ball they do something entirely different.

The reason of this is that when they look down and see the little ball perched up so beautifully on the tee they get an ungovernable impulse to *hit* it. I don't mean to convey the impression that a golfer should not swing hard. One can swing hard just as well as one can hit hard. However, the swing with a lot of power in it must be controlled. The main force must be held in check until the proper time.

If you stop to think about the swing, there is no perceptible slackening of the speed of the club-head as it meets the ball. The head weighs many times as much as the ball, and if travelling at its greatest speed just as it meets its objective, a very long drive is sure to be the result.

This is why I think beginners should learn to swing a club first. Get the swing perfected first and then learn to apply the very same idea to sweeping the ball away.



# Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** to join the regular daily gym. classes it is only necessary to get into a gym. suit. The Instructors will help you to do the rest.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

## The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 14.



*The Monument at Appin, constructed of stone from Hume's home, which marks the starting point of the overland expedition.*

## OVERLAND TO PORT PHILLIP

IN the same year that settlement was first made on the Brisbane River, the first overland expedition to Port Phillip was undertaken by Hamilton Hume and Captain William Hovell.

Although the expedition was of an official nature, in so far as it was authorised by Governor Brisbane, it was privately financed by the two leaders. It was really the wish of Governor Brisbane that they should strike out across country in the direction of Spencer's Gulf, but instead the expedition turned its attention to discovering an overland route to Bass Strait.

The expedition, consisting of six assigned servants in addition to the leaders, left Hume's home at Appin on October 2, 1824, and eleven days later arrived at the station owned by Hume, near Lake George. Setting off again on the 17th, the party passed Yass, crossed the Murrumbidgee with great difficulty, and arrived at what is now the Murray (but was named at the time the Hume River) in the middle of November. Crossing this, the party proceeded in a generally south-westerly direction, their path taking them over a great number of rivers all flowing either to the north or the north-west. After passing through some extremely difficult country, the shores of Port Phillip Bay were reached in mid-December, the party camping on the beach at Bird Rock Point (near the present site of Geelong) on December 16.

It was in that vicinity that a remarkable error occurred. In calculating their position, Captain Hovell made an error in his calculations, and fixed their position exactly one degree further to the eastward than it actually was. (Whereas their correct longitude was 144 degrees 25 minutes east, Hovell fixed it as 145 degrees 25 minutes.) This error was to have unfortunate and far-reaching effects, for upon their return they gave it as their opinion that it was Western Port that they had reached, and the position ascribed to their terminal point bore out this assumption. They described the country about the bay as being well-suited to agriculture.

As a result of this favourable report, Governor Darling sent a small party to establish a settlement at Western Port, as had been desired by the Colonial Office. The expedition returned after a brief interval with a report that the land at Western Port was practically worthless for agricultural purposes. As a direct result, settlement at Port Phillip was delayed for many years. Also, in later years, this error was to serve further to antagonise the rival leaders of the first expedition, who at no time appear to have been on good terms.

Another result of the expedition was that Captain Charles Sturt was later to make his famous explorations along the inland river systems, for the discovery of so many rivers flowing in approximately the same direction indicated that somewhere must flow a great river which received their combined waters.



## Making Habits Work For You

(Continued from Page 13.)

If we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating. Similarly, if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity is gone; and if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. As the fourth practical maxim, we may, then, offer something like this: Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you nerved and trained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance a man pays on his house. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire does come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily injured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast

The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. If we realise the extent to which we are mere walking bundles of habits, we would give more heed to their formation. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excused himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not

count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering it and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no one have anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever its line may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out.

## OVER THE TASMAN

(Continued from Page 9.)

The Dominion's most successful owner, Sir Charles Clifford, has never raced horses in Australia, but the president of the Racing Conference, Mr. J. S. McLeod, has a representative in Sydney at present in Only One, the colt being trained by F. Musgrave over from Caulfield. Only One is raced by Mr. McLeod in partnership with Mr. A. E. Cooper, not to be confused with the owner of Talking and Mala, but a prominent business man in Melbourne.

Summed up, all is bright with the world over the Tasman, but in the minds of all is the question, kept in the background, is it true, or how long is all this going to last? The pessimists keep reminding one another that some day the bill will have to be paid.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER

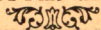
(Continued from Page 11.)

lengths in front of Winkfield's Pride. The way in which Watts showed off the horse's powers was a treat to witness. Soon after the race Captain Machell came to me and held out his hand by way of congratulation. Said he: 'I don't know what sort of a horse yours is. I did not think it possible for you to beat me, but you beat Winkfield's Pride as if he had been a common hack'."

There have been other famous St. Leger winners, but the two mentioned, because they followed up their three-year-old form by winning the greatest of all England's weight-for-age races—the Gold Cup at Ascot—must rank with the truly great. It has been the custom of late to retire Derby and St. Leger winners at the end of their three-year-old racing careers, owing to the fact that they can command big stud fees when sent to the paddocks. Defeat in the Ascot Gold Cup might depreciate their value as stallions, and an owner cannot be blamed for refusing to take that risk. At the same time, the horse capable of winning the Gold Cup should make a better stud proposition than those who refuse the engagement, for the gruelling race of two miles and a half is sure to find out any weaknesses in the runners; and consequently the winner must have more stamina and courage than the beaten ones. It, of course, does not follow that all Gold Cup winners will make successful sires, for there are years when Derby and St. Leger winners are not included in the field; and on those occasions, when class is not represented, a good staying handicapper can succeed.



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EPSOM HANDICAP, of £2600 . . . . . One Mile  
SPRING STAKES, of £1500 . . . . . One Mile and a Half  
(Standard weight-for-age)

**SECOND DAY.**

BREEDERS' PLATE, of £1300 . . . . . Five Furlongs  
THE METROPOLITAN, of £5000 . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

**THIRD DAY.**

CRAVEN PLATE, of £1500 . . . . . One Mile and a Quarter  
(Standard weight-for-age)  
GIMCRACK STAKES, of £1300 . . . . . Five Furlongs

**FOURTH DAY.**

RANDWICK PLATE, of £1000 . . . . . Two Miles  
(Standard weight-for-age)

General Entries for this Meeting, Scratchings for Epsom Handicap, The Metropolitan, A.J.C. Derby (£1), Breeders' Plate (£1), and Gimcrack Stakes (£1) must be made before 4 p.m. on TUESDAY, 7th SEPTEMBER, 1937.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.